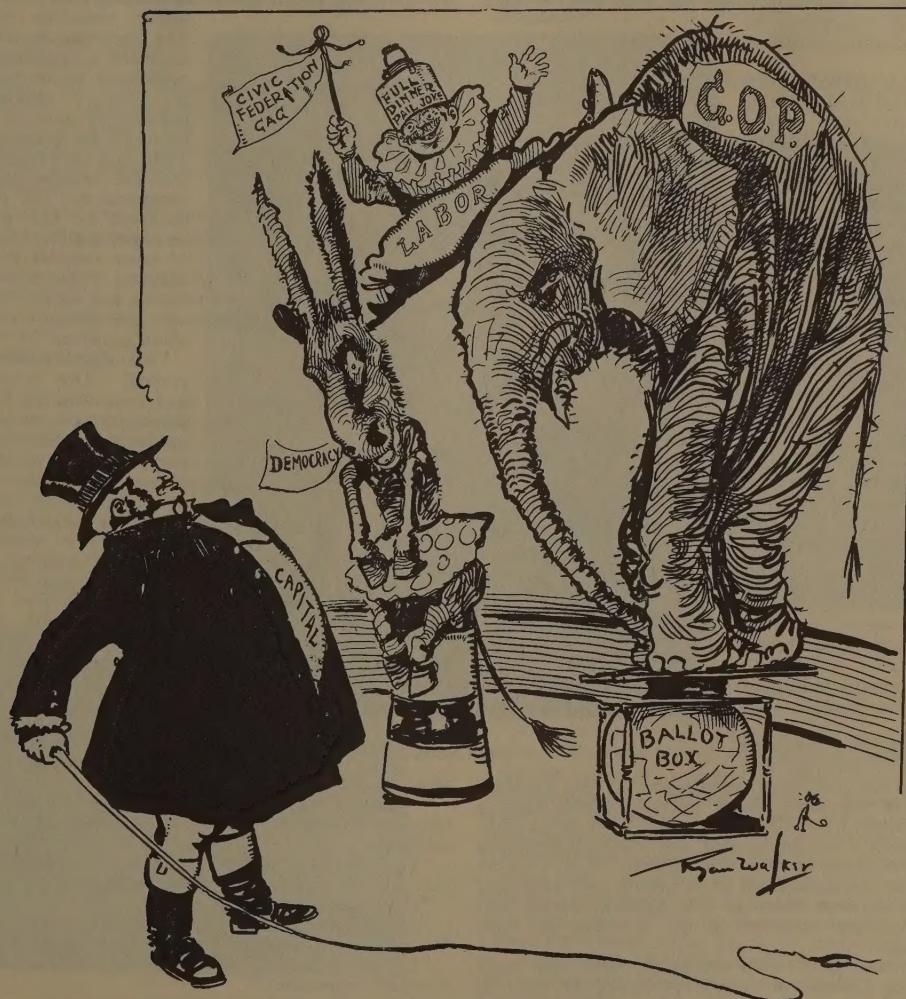


THE COMRADE

The Political Circus.



HOW LONG WILL LABOR REMAIN IN THAT POSITION?

An Interview with Jean Jaurès.

By RICHARD KITCHELT.

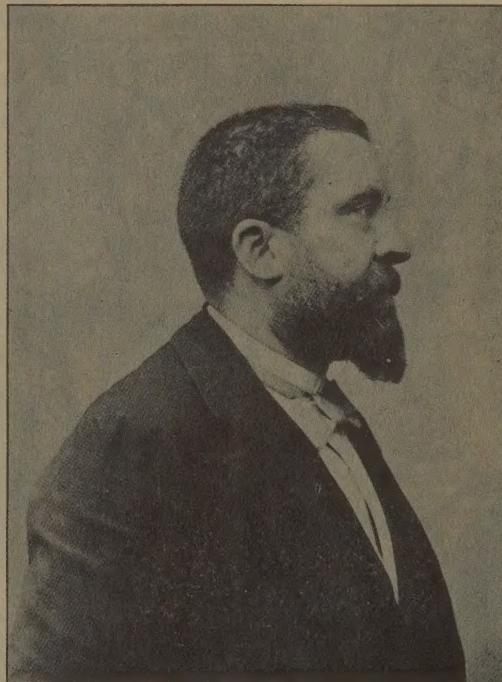
In the midst of this vast hive of humanity, a barbarous product of a false civilization full of barbarous relics of former civilizations equally false, where life is cheap and living dear, where short, squat, shapeless, ugly, broad-faced, low-browed creatures, presumably women, work like naves by day, and thousands of others, painted, powdered, shaped and bespangled, sell themselves by night, where hundreds of thousands in its great, gray tenements on its twelve-foot streets, eat meat occasionally and by candle light, where superstition and clerical tyranny foster be-nightedness, it is gratifying to know that there is a large and growing group working for the amelioration of the condition of the masses and for the establishment of a true civilization; and it was a privilege and a pleasure to meet the foremost of this group, its parliamentary leader, Jean Jaurès.

Paris is not beautiful. Its great masses of houses rising wall-like from its narrow streets, sombre, gray and unadorned, give it a cheerless, depressing aspect by day. It contains some magnificent monuments and palaces and parks which the natives regard with sentimental reverence. But it is not the doubtful beauty of these that is notable. It is their historical value. They mark the steps in human progress. The old masters show how we have advanced in art; the instruments of torture and battle scenes, in humanity; the palaces, chateaus and utensils, in the comforts of life. The sight of these with the knowledge that they were and are no more is encouraging and inspiring. We live in better times and may hope for the future. On a beautiful little street in the outskirts of the city, closed against wagon traffic and so lined with trees that it more resembled a park road than a street, in a pretty house almost hidden by foliage, M. Jaurès was found at home.

The quadriennial elections had recently been held, the new

Chamber had met and by a combination of the Socialists with several of the more liberal factions, agreed upon a man for president, Leon Bourgeois, who, while not a radical, was believed to be fair-minded; the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry had resigned and the new ministry of M. Combes had just issued its declaration of principles and program; so that the times were freighted with political interest and M. Jaurès was deep immersed in the activities the occasion demanded.

Stout, rosy and dark, with the bright eyes and quick manner of the French, M. Jaurès proceeded to reply to questions with a directness which indicated not alone an active mind, but also a journalist's appreciation of what was desired.



JEAN JAURÈS.

yers, journalists, etc."

"Which of the two chief Socialist parties in France contains the largest percentage of the more ignorant class of workers?"

"There is but little difference; the 'Workers' Party,' probably; but the 'Socialist Party' shows the more rapid growth."

"How about the farmers?"

"Socialism is making rapid progress among the farmers. My own constituents are chiefly in the peasant districts."

"Do you believe a majority of the workers will ever understand economics?"

M. Jaurès laughed at this question.

"Economics, no; but an idea of the general principles of Socialism, yes."

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EXTERIOR OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PARIS.*

"If the ignorant mass do not understand, they must be led by those who do?"

"Naturally; the more intelligent will always lead; the rest will follow. Unfortunate that all do not think for themselves? Yes, no doubt. But it will not be otherwise for many generations and we must take humanity as we find it."

"Then you play the game of politics very much as the other parties do?"

"In that respect, yes. We cannot do otherwise."

"Can we have a perfect commonwealth until all do understand?"

"We cannot expect perfection; we seek improvement."

"What work do you consider the most essential to bring to pass the Co-operative Commonwealth?"

"Education."

"And political action?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe education and political action are compatible? Does not a political party, perhaps, interfere by arousing additional antagonism, with the work of inculcating principle? In a country where the movement is young, as in the United States, for instance, do you think it would be better to wait until a large number, perhaps a majority, had been educated before attempting the formation of a party?"

"That is a question which each people must answer for itself. In France, at least, the political party has been a

result rather than a means of education. Those who desired Socialism naturally formed themselves into a party. Whether the party hindered rather than helped the growth of Socialist sentiment it is impossible to judge. Nor would a decision of the question be of any value. The existence of the party is an inevitable result of education, and, good or evil, it is and we must use it to the best possible advantage. I believe partisan pride—the spirit of competition—the desire for the growth of the party with which they are affiliated, stimulates the efforts of the propagandists."

"Do you believe a majority will ever vote the revolutionary Socialist ticket, or that the other parties, by becoming more radical, will attract those who are not yet revolutionary?"

"I believe we will get a majority; though there is no doubt that, with the growth of Socialist sentiment, the other parties will make concessions, offer immediate reforms, and thus attract those who do not yet understand the principles of Socialism."

"And they will really introduce the reforms they suggest in their platforms?"

"They will be compelled to in order to maintain their existence."



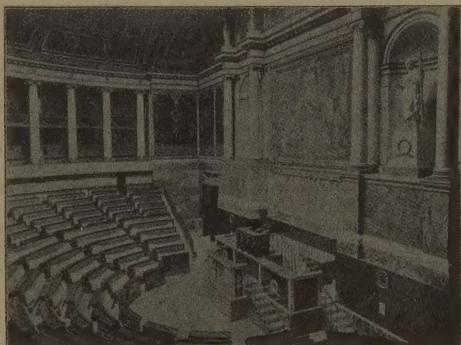
A GLIMPSE OF M^{SR} JAURÈS' HOME IN THE AVE. DES CHALETS.*

"Do you believe in compromises and agreements with the other parties to secure immediate reforms?"

"We have no set rules to tie our hands. We apply the reason of the hour to each question as it arises."

At this point M. Jaurès' journalistic instincts gained the ascendancy and he turned interviewer, "pumping" me vigorously for information on the subject of "trusts" in America, in which he was much interested and to which the French newspaper had evidently given defective attention.

After being introduced to Madame Jaurès and enjoying a little conversation on personal matters which, however true to Socialist Party ethics, M. Jaurès desired not to be published, I bade the French leader au revoir, promising to convey to the comrades in the United States his best regards and earnest wishes for their success in establishing the Co-operative Commonwealth.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

*) "Snap Shots" by the Author.

Punishment.

From the German of DOROTHEA GOEBELER. Translated by S. PRIETH.

When he had reached the street, in the northern section of the city, he suddenly slackened his rapid pace. The overwhelming feeling of happiness which had for so long spurred him on, as though he had wings, now changed to a feeling of oppression.

He looked along the street; dark and deserted, it stretched out before him, even now, though the brilliant Spring sun cast its parting golden rays over it. On the roadway the children were playing, noisily, and here and there women were passing, women in rough working clothes, but all were busy, and heavily burdened. It was the evening before Good Friday, and they had to hurry to get through.

A deep sigh raised his breast; with weary, dragging steps he went on. There—number 198—that was it. He glanced up at the building, a tall, cheerless structure. Countless windows, but all dark. Only from one a bright shaft of light fell. There they were still working.

He pushed open the heavy front door and entered. The gas was already burning, one wretched, unprotected flame, blown hither and thither by the draughts. Slowly, slowly, his head deeply bowed, he ascended the dirty, well-worn steps.

On the first landing a row of name plates; the one he was looking for was not among them; nor on the second or third floors; but then—a low cry escaped his lips—there, among small cards and pieces of paper, the little plate, the bronze plate. He stared at it as though he wished to impress upon his mind for all time the fine lines which surrounded the lettering. His eyes flashed; with a hoarse voice he repeated the name—Burkner—Burkner! He seemed to see the place where he had last seen this plate, the splendid staircase in the West End, in the Luetzow strasse. Yielding to a momentary weakness, he leaned 'against the wall, but the next moment he had himself again in check, and pulled the bell.

Within, nothing stirred; only after a few minutes had passed approaching footsteps were heard. A chain clanked, and the door was cautiously opened. "Who is there?" a woman's voice asked through the opening.

The man did not answer.

"Who's there?" the voice repeated, in an impatient tone.

But the man was still silent; but not until the crevice began slowly to close, he stepped forward softly, and said in a low voice, "It is I."

A long pause, then the door flew open, and a smothered cry—"Ferdinand!"

"It is I." He stepped past her, and pushed the bolt back into the lock. In the half-dark corridor they stood opposite one another. He sought her hands. "Amalie!" and with a softly imploring voice, again, "Amalie!"

"You—?" She could scarcely utter a word. He heard in her voice how she trembled. "You—impossible—but come in." Like one who is dreaming, almost unconscious, she staggered to the room from which she had evidently come. As though needing support, she leaned with both hands upon the great round table in front of the sofa.

He remained standing upon the threshold. For some time neither spoke. Then he said: "Yes, I am here again, Amalie."

His voice seemed to rouse her. She rushed upon him and grasped both his arms. "Yes—but, how is it—how is it possible—so soon—how is—?"

"They commuted the last year." He said it without looking at her.

"And you are free—free? You will stay here now—with me?" Her eyes sought his.

His earnest, deeply furrowed face lighted up for a moment. He put his arm about her shoulder. "May I, Amalie?"

"Ah! You—" Her head sank upon his shoulder, a sob shook her body. Then, smiling, she looked suddenly into his face. "No, but—now we are standing here; take off your things." She took his hat, and helped him off with his overcoat, and measuring his tall figure with a scrutinizing glance, "But you have grown thin."

"Yes; prison air." He passed his hand through his dark hair, in which gray lines were beginning to show.

"So you are living here now?"

"For two years." She followed his glance about the room. "Yes, things have changed, have they not? No seven rooms now. You doubtless still remember the furniture. Our old parlor—those at least they left me. But isn't it real comfortable here? We have the sun all the forenoon. You see, I sleep in this room with Erich, Hans has his bed in the kitchen, and Ilse sleeps in the bed-room because she does not come in until late, and sleeps long, so she does not disturb the rest of us. Well—what will the children say?"

During this explanation she had led him through all the little lodgings, as though she wished to help herself and him over the strange, confused feeling of this remarkable meeting. Now she stopped in front of him.

"But, you have been perfectly well all this time? You never let me hear a word from you in all these seven years!"

"It was you who sent me no answer."

He fell back heavily into the old-fashioned leather sofa.

"Yes, that was then—" She moved a chair to his side, and took up her darning, which she had probably thrown aside upon his arrival; mechanically she drew the thread back and forth. "Then—I would have answered—yes, believe me, I would have answered; but you see—at that time my sister came again and put in her word—I should not have listened to my sister—never!"

"She was right, Amalie." He looked down, staring gloomily.

"No, she was not right!" She shook her head violently. "Then I believed her—embittered as I was—I believed her for a long time. But when she went away—you know they were transferred to Kolberg—when I was left alone, and could think, then I did learn to see clearly. No, she was not right. No one is right who comes between man and wife, no one." She paused, but in a few moments continued: "I did not have to listen to her, of course not, but you know how I was then, young and inexperienced, and knew nothing of men and their ways. And then, jealousy, that horrible jealousy, in which one willingly lends ears to evil words. Yes, I let them rob me of my confidence, my confidence in you; that was the cause of all our wretchedness. You would have come back to me! To-day I know it! And whence would you have come back then? From a convivial circle of friends. I should have been silent, but I drove you from me! I drove you from me with my bitterness and quarreling—from the house—to—to the other one, to—to destruction—"

"You!—yes, you!" He jumped up, and began pacing up and down; his breath came fast and panting; an expression of indescribable pain distorted his face. He remained standing behind her chair. "And still I was not bad, Amalie. I did not mean to keep the money. Only a loan—for a short time—until business should improve. But you remember the great

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crash in sugar? The stock went down. Losses—always more losses! And outside—life! All that mad, bright pleasure which I so dearly loved, and which I was now to forego! Then it conquered me, passion, wild passion, only do not stop! And I took more, always more, all the deposits, all the money that had been entrusted to us. It was like a delirium. Yes, I became a defaulter! Honor and position, wife and children, I betrayed all for the pleasure of a few hours! But I have atoned, Amalie, in those long years; in the lonely cell I atoned for it! I am a different man—and if you will again try me, Amalie—”

He stretched out his hand to her. She did not answer, but she placed her right hand within his, and thus they sat for a long time.

It was he who first broke the silence. “I—I do not come empty handed. I have earned money. They gave me employment in the office. It isn’t much, but still enough for a beginning (for the present), and, besides, I have a position. Our prison chaplain recommended me—as a bookkeeper—to his brother-in-law; he has a chemical works in the Neumark. I begin work on the first. All will go well, Amalie.”

“Yes, all will go well.” Smiling through her tears, she looked up to him. “And now you are here—well, well, what will the children say?”

“Yes, the children.” He sat down by her side once more. “We haven’t spoken of them at all. The boys—how I sometimes yearned for those boys! They must have grown considerably, eh?”

“Why, you can imagine that!” She again took up her work. “Especially Hans. He towers above your shoulders, he’s such a long Laban, in spite of his eighteen years. At any rate, you’ll see him presently. He will be here directly. To-day they close down at six in the factory.”

“What do they quit?” He slowly turned his head.

“He quits at six in the factory—that’s so, you do not know—you see, he is a stoker in a machine factory. He has good wages, 15 marks a week, and—”

“But a stoker—Hans a stoker?” He stared at her as though he did not understand.

“Yes. What else could we do?” She folded up a finished pair of socks. “Everything went to pieces then. We stood face to face with nothing, so the boy had to earn something. And you see, at first, he was a janitor in an art store; but that did not pay, and then he went to people who used to know us—formerly. Ah, yes,” she sighed deeply, “we have a hard time of it now and then, really hard. Formerly I used to let the kitchen, but now Erich is out of school, and also has a position. He is errand boy across the street, in that butter dealer’s; and now we are going to try it this way. And then Ilse gives us something, but I don’t take much from her.”

“But—fireman—errand boy!” He sat as one stunned.

“Yes, it was not easy for me, either.” She let her hands fall into her lap, and looked down sadly. “I, too, had other plans, you know that. Goodness, they are good boys, but their surroundings; and the things they learn there! I have taken pains enough, but it doesn’t do any good—truly—”

Her eyes again filled with tears.

He covered his face with his hands, and groaned. Then he said:

“But you still have Ilse?”

“Yes, I still have Ilse.”

“What about Ilse?”

She did not answer. She endeavored to thread her needle, but she did not succeed, her hands trembled so.

“What about Ilse?”

“Oh, nothing! What do you expect?”

“Has she also a position?”

“Yes, she also has a position.”

He scrutinized her for a moment, then jumped up and seized her arm. “Amalie, you are concealing something from me! What about Ilse?”

“No! no! nothing at all! She is only—she has—no, I can tell you frankly. You know she sings right well—and since that is well paid—she accepted it. You see she is—she is a singer—in a concert hall. But it is said to be a respectable place!”

“And you permitted that?”

His arms fell limply to his side. There was no reproach in his voice, but an expression of pained astonishment.

She was silent. Quietly she continued her darning. Then suddenly she threw aside her work. “Well, what could I do? Oh, God! No, you cannot imagine how it is when one has to put one’s children to work, and, besides, is dependent upon them! No one can imagine that! And should I show her the door? Then she would have been entirely lost—and I could not do that! Tell me, how could I do that?” She took his hand, and looked up to him with an expression of desperation.

“No—you—could not do that!”

He said it without looking at her.

“And you must not tell them anything, either, Ferdinand—no! no! you must not tell the children anything. They would have harsh words for you. You do not know how they have changed. Promise me you will not tell them anything!”

“I—I promise!” He murmured rather than spoke it.

The woman let go his hand and turned with a sigh to her work.

“Yes, everything turns out so differently in life, Ferdinand, so differently! But—isn’t someone there?”

She listened. “Yes—that is Hans! Oh goodness! And I’ve not yet put the kitchen in order and gotten water for him! I’ll have to hurry”—she arose and reached for the lamp—“No! no! you stay here! I’ll tell him alone, and—”

Without ending her sentence she left the room.

Outside a coarse voice was heard. “Damn it, mother, this whole place is upside down again! All this trash on my bed! Why can’t that slovenly rag Ilse throw her stuff into the closet? But, no, damn her, always in a hurry to get to that show—”

The man in the dark room heard nothing more. He sat in the corner of the sofa, his face buried in his hands. Before his soul a kind of vision appeared. His guilt, which he had believed atoned for and forgotten—his guilt again rose up before him, black, threatening, gigantic, and he knew that his guilt had not yet been atoned for; that its shadows would constantly increase, and that his punishment was now only beginning—his punishment.



Constantin Meunier,

Painter and Sculptor of Toil.

By JOHN SPARGO.



PUDDLERS. FROM THE BRONZE BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER.

When Millet found inspiration for his wonderful genius in the life and toil of the peasant, art took a big step forward. It was a step nearer to its final and complete emancipation and its union with the common life, which is at once its only hope and purpose. The critics cried out in bitter protest, of course, but it was useless; the work had been done. It had taken centuries to attain that measure of freedom, and there could be no return.

And when Constantin Meunier, already famous, the pride and hope of the Belgians in their great art-renaissance, turned from the beaten paths, and from conventional and religious subjects, to paint the life of labor as he saw it, there was a great deal of agitation among the critics and a good many ominous headshakings. But the discriminating few realized when the "Descent into the Mine" was exhibited at the *Cercle Artistique* of Brussels, that Meunier had only now found a theme suited to his peculiar temperament, and that an even greater power than Millet's had found expression in painting the great tragedy of human toil.

A number of other such pictures followed—mining villages and the like, simple but wonderfully strong. In "The Black Country," and "Going to Work," he has portrayed the terrible ugliness, and the blighting effects, of commercial-

ism. The great black breaker-head; the tall chimneys belching forth thick clouds of dense black smoke and soot that spreads a pall of death upon the ground and darkens the skies above; the slow, hopeless movement of the miners—con-

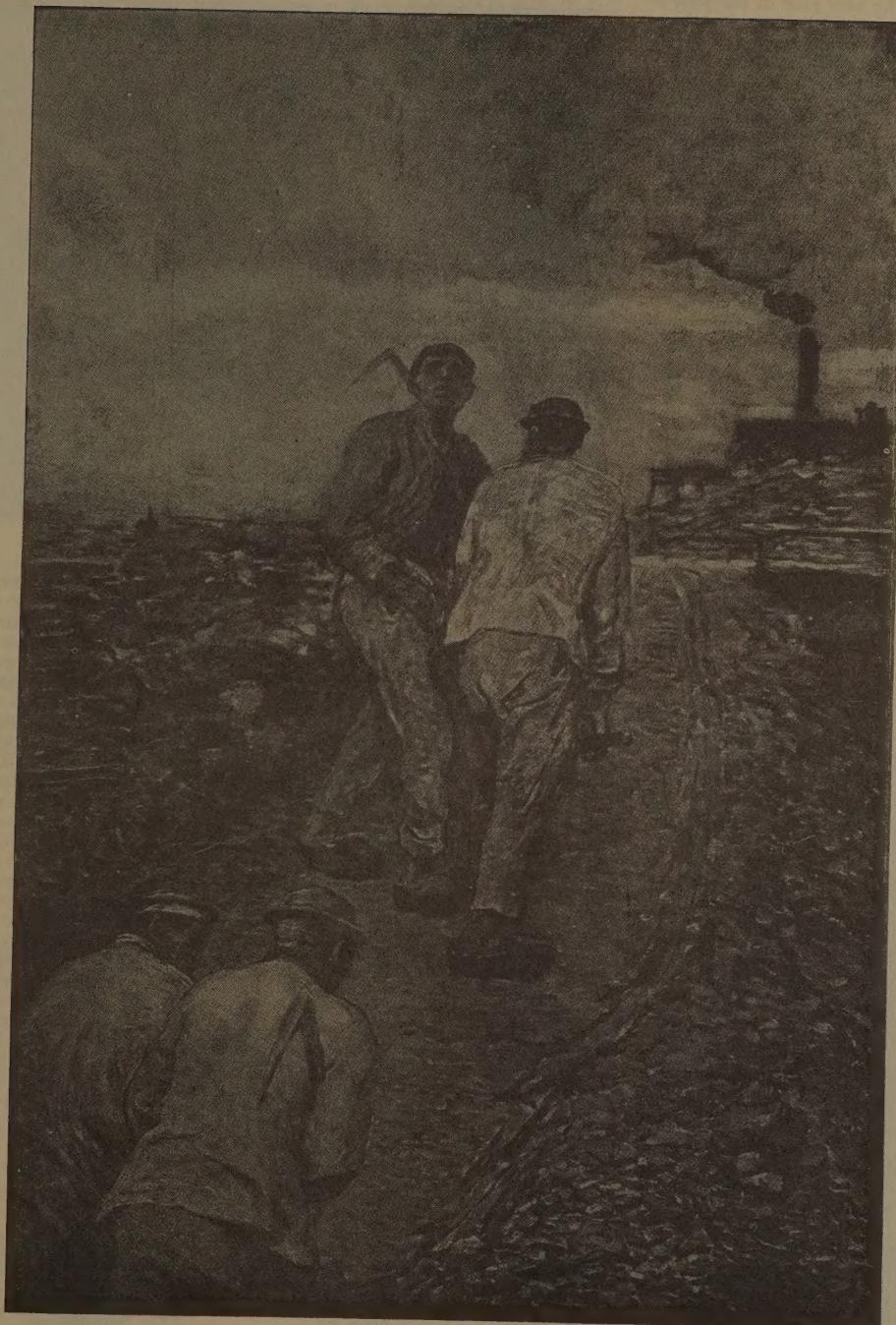
vict laborers—telling a story of pathos and tragedy: of helpless, hopeless and joyless toil—such are the pictures. Just as Verestchagin seeing war as it is, and painting it as he sees it, makes the soul revolt against its horrors, Meunier sees commercialism as it is with all its sordid ugliness and paints it so that the very fidelity to fact of his pictures becomes a mighty protest.

At an age when most men have become set and conservative in their ideas, and when his power as a painter seemed to have reached its zenith and entered upon its decline, Meunier, strangely enough, turned to a new field, sculpture; or rather, he returned to the work of his youth, for in his early years he had worked in the studio of Fraikin, the famous sculptor. But he had been known only as a painter and few, even of his most ardent admirers, believed that he could be equally successful as a sculptor. But "Fire-Damp," the first group from his chisel, showed that there was no need to fear, and that the fame of Constantin Meunier the painter would not suffer at the hands of Constantin Meunier the sculptor. His chisel was dominated by the same spirit of sympathy that had inspired and guided his brush. A mother bent over the half-burned, lifeless body of her miner son; this group, like all his work, is very simple but terribly pathetic.



THE COLLIER.
FROM THE BRONZE BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER.

THE COMRADE

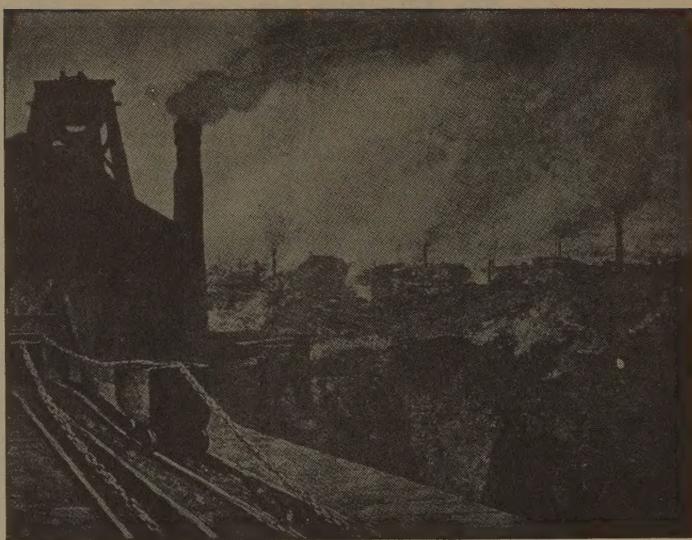


GOING TO WORK. From the Painting by Constantin Meunier.

THE COMRADE

and strong. The very pose of the poor mother is an eloquent witness to the measureless depths of her anguish. She does not kneel, nor wring her hands after the conventional manner. She just leans forward with her hands clasped at her knees, her face showing an agony of soul too intense for cries. There she sits, dumb and affrighted, with the look of one in whose soul hope and faith have died—nay, like one in whom the soul itself has died.

Then followed in rapid succession a series of important works not all dealing with labor, however. Some are religious in character, as, for example, "The Prodigal Son" and "Ecce Homo." In the latter, the murdered Christ, his flesh all torn, is depicted with such power that Meunier must always be remembered as among the greatest of those who have chosen that great tragedy as their theme. Above all, his Christ is the man of poverty who had not "where to lay his head"—it is the Christ of the proletariat. But labor subjects predominate in his sculptured work as in his painting. He has given us the hammerer, the collier, the dockhand, the fisherman, the iron-worker and the glass-blower—in short, there is scarcely a single feature of modern industrial life to which his genius has not been directed. In this Constan-



THE BLACK COUNTRY. FROM THE PAINTING BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER.

tin Meunier stands pre-eminent: He is the artist of toil.

Usually Meunier does not aim at elaborate finish and pays little attention to details, but "The Glass-blower" is of a more elegant type than most of his works. His very work, despite its unhealthy character, makes the glass-blower a graceful figure. Somewhat akin to this in elegance, is "La Hiercheuse," which represents a girl worker whose grace and beauty have been dried up by the heat of the furnaces. It is a terrible impeachment of our industrial system, this girl wizened and dried in youth. One feels instinctively upon seeing it that there is something wrong with a system that produces such effects.

In Paris in 1899 Meunier exhibited a remarkable bas-relief called "Removing a Crucible at a Foundry." It represents a group of men removing a great crucible from a furnace and is designed to form part of a cycle representing all the principal forms of labor, mental as well as manual. After industrial labor, agriculture, and then the toil of the sea—the whole being rounded off by the work of modern science. The value of such a work as showing how completely the life of the world rests upon labor, and the absolutely parasitic character of those who do not labor, cannot be overestimated. The great need of the age is for labor to respect itself, and what can be more conducive to that end than the persistent iteration and reiteration that everything finally depends upon it?

As might be expected from one who left the beaten tracks, Meunier early re-

volted against the conservatism prevailing in Belgium as elsewhere. In his experience has been like that of Morris and Burne Jones and Walter Crane and others, and more than a quarter of a century ago, in the struggle to assert himself in his own way, he, with others including his master, De Groux, and his own elder brother, Jean-Baptiste Meunier, the engraver, formed the Free Art Party (*l'Art Libre*) with Realism as its theoretical program. That was the beginning of the movement for the emancipation of Belgian art in which Meunier has been such a stalwart. In this narrow sense he belongs to Belgium, but in the wider sense that he finds his inspiration in the common labor of the world, and that he gives expression to the worldwide revolt against the commercialized and brutalized life of to-day, and to the aspirations of the great and growing army of the world's workers for a higher, freer life based on the interests and well-being of labor, he belongs, like all the truly great in art and letters and science, not to his own nation, nor to any nation, but to the world.



THE GLASS BLOWER
FROM THE BRONZE BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER.



The Prisoner.

By HARRY LICHTENBERG.

There was no doubt that he was a brute. One could see it in his face, which was distorted by vice. His eyes were blood-shot, his clothes were torn and dirty, and one could feel nothing but disgust for this debased type of humanity. It took a gendarme and three other men to hold him, for he was very strong and made every effort to escape. His cries attracted many of the passers-by. Some looked with curiosity, others joked at his helplessness, none pitied. I was about to pass hurriedly, for scenes like this have no special charms for me, when I was attracted by his cries. Cries, that one would scarcely expect to hear from such lips. This beast in his helplessness and despair was transformed again to a child, and cried to his mother—who had long ago, no doubt, passed to her eternal resting place—to help him. “Mamma! Mamma!” he cried, and though I knew not how heinous the crime was that he had committed, whether he had robbed somebody, or whether, even worse, he had murdered a companion in a drunken brawl, my heart went out in pity for him.

I no longer saw him the strong man that he was, inured to vice and crime, with no idea of right. I no longer saw the beast before me whom it took four men to hold. Instead I saw a child, born in a dirty hovel; who, amid ignorance, filth, privation and disease, received his first lessons of life. I saw this child grow old enough to walk and sent out to the streets, to beg, to sell newspapers or lottery tickets. I watched him as he stared hungrily into the windows of fine restaurants, where men were eating and making merry. How happy and impossible their condition seemed to him! He would linger around these restaurants with the hope of sometimes being thrown a copper from the diners within, and so he grew up from boyhood to youth, his highest ambition enough to eat, and his knowledge of the world and of life, what he could pick up with other things in the street.

I saw him on Guadalupe and other feast days, standing with a crowd of fellow peons around the table of the itinerant gambler, who as he manipulated the roulette wheel, shouted,

“Andale chamacos,” and regarding him closely as he watched the wheel go round, I saw very little difference between him and his more fortunate brothers engaged in the same thing in the various stock exchanges of the world.

I saw him, this time hard at work in the street excavations. His legs were bare to his thighs, and from morning until night he stood knee deep in the sewerage of the city, the dirty water freezing his legs in the morning, the hot sun beating down upon him in the afternoon, while his whole body, even his face, was covered with the filthy slime.

After a hard day's work he would go to the only place where he would find friends and companions, the Pulqueria, and stay until he was drunk with pulque, then he would either be arrested for drunkenness, or, if he hadn't enough money to get drunk upon, would retire to the dirty hole that he called home, to sleep off the effects of the liquor, that he might be able to go to work again in the morning.

Amid all of these surroundings he might have grown up a model of virtue. He might have learned that man had high motives in life. He might have been ambitious and aspired to be President, or done the thousand and one other things that the good philanthropist and ethical culturist advise the lower classes to do. He might also have been economical and instead of spending his money in the Pulqueria, might have saved his centavos and finally have become a millionaire, and endowed settlements, colleges, churches; but instead of taking the advice of these good people, he had done what was more natural under the circumstances, had become a criminal, and was now in the hands of the law.

I thought sadly over the man's fate, his family, the thousands of others who were being born daily, and who at their very birth were destined by society to become its scapegoats as this man was. This and many kindred thoughts were awakened in my mind, and as I was still thinking sadly, the object of my thoughts was dragged to the Comiseria.

A Heart for a Song.

At the foot of the mountain I encountered the poet, and I turned to him with a prayer.

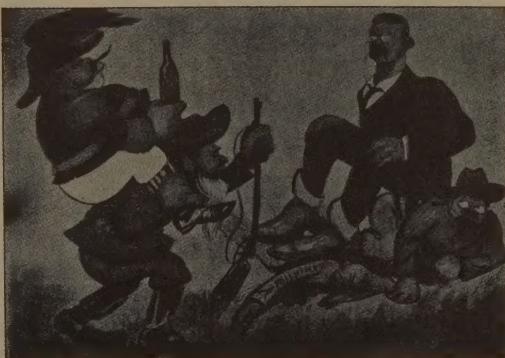
“Sing me a song,” I said, “of an immortal love, an endless day; sing me of heroes who concealed their heroic deeds, of strong persons who love to live and live to love; sing me a song.” I besought him, “of the greatness of the present and the grandeur of the future, of all the dreams which will come true and all the ideals that will yet be realized; of the deathlessness of all things passed away and the immortality of the things yet unborn; chant me of all the unobserved tears and all the suppressed sighs of the world. Sing me of these things,” I prayed, “and I will give you my heart for the song.”

“Oh, how gladly I would do it,” the poet answered, mournfully, “but I have not the heart to sing that song.”

And we parted at the foot of the mountain, where I encountered the poet.

BERNARD G. RICHARDS.

A French View.



ROOSEVELT: “It is undeniable that the Anglo-Saxon Race is in the van of civilization.”—*L'Assiette au Beurre*.

AUGUST, 1902.



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Editorial.

All human liberty is dead in America.—"Mother" Jones.

Written in a prison cell in Parkersburg, West Virginia, where she was incarcerated for exercising that right of free speech guaranteed her and every other person in the land of the Federal Constitution, these burning words from the pen of that brave woman, "Mother" Mary Jones, ought to ring in the ears of every lover of liberty.—*All human liberty is dead in America!*

Despite the ravings of Fourth of July orators, and of their dupes, the conviction grows among thoughtful men and women, that if not dead, human liberty in America to-day is in a very precarious condition. We refer not now to the growing economic dependence of the great mass of the people, but to the passing of those elemental liberties, the right of assembly, free speech, and an uncensored press. At a time when thousands of well-meaning people in all our great cities are gathering together to express their sympathy with those who are trying to wrest those first principles of Democracy from the despotic Absolutism of Russia, others, by a grim irony, are calling attention to the "Russification" of America and to the fact that we no longer enjoy that which we

join in demanding for the people of Russia. A free, uncensored press is no longer ours, and freedom of speech is a thing of the past. In the matter of restricted liberty Russia is our only rival among the great nations.

True it is that the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States specifically provides that there shall be no sort of abridgement of "the freedom of speech or of the press, or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble," but that "sacred" thing, the Constitution, counts for little in nineteen hundred and two, in the reign of Teddy the Strenuous. As for the freedom of the press, Edwin Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster General, has wiped that out! That he has not wholly succeeded in suppressing free newspapers is quite true, but such a determined and farreaching effort at discriminating against a certain kind of newspaper by denying it admission to the mails as second-class matter is significant of much. That his action has not stirred the people of this country to vigorous resentment is also of disquieting interest. As it is, many newspapers have been virtually suppressed by Censor Madden, and the ingenuity displayed by His Excellency in some cases is little less than remarkable. In the case of *Discontent*, of Home, Washington, finding himself beaten so far as the usual methods were concerned, he ordered the removal of the post office! Here, truly, is a lesson for the Russian Censor!

With the rights of freedom of speech and parts of the country lately have come reports of the arrest of Socialist speakers upon the most flimsy pretexts imaginable. Where other political bodies have held meetings without molestation, Socialists for holding much smaller meetings have been arrested and fined, or imprisoned, upon charges of "obstruction;" injunctions, illegal in themselves, have been issued forbidding the holding of perfectly legitimate meetings, and when, as in the case of "Mother" Jones, people have stood upon their Constitutional rights, arrest and imprisonment have followed. In Jersey City a business meeting of the local members of the Socialist Party was broken up by the police recently, and the members placed under arrest. Presumably all this is done in the name of a pious determination to "stamp out Anarchy," as the phrase goes, to which end "anti-Anarchy" laws that violate the Constitution itself have been enacted in various States. That these laws will do much to foster the very evil they have been foolishly designed to exterminate may, in the light of European experience, be regarded as certain.

It need hardly be repeated that we have not the slightest sympathy with Anarchism. Our ideals, our aims, and our methods are as opposite in character as can well be conceived. The division between Socialism and Anarchism is much greater than that which exists between let us say, the Republican party and the Anarchists. But whilst we have no sort of sympathy with Anarchism and regard the Anarchist as a foe to progress, we are nevertheless entirely opposed to any law which de-

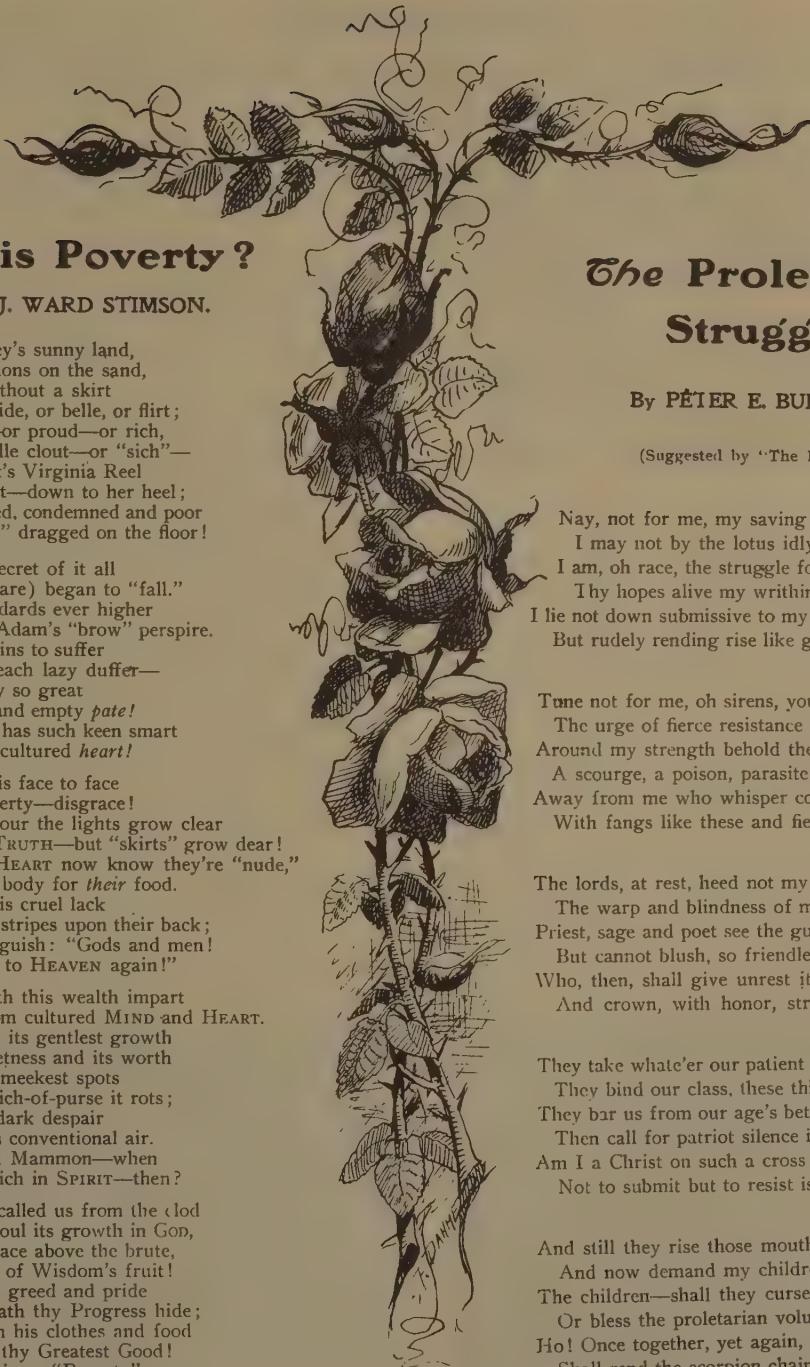
nies him the right to advocate his theories in equal freedom with all other persons. We should be quite as much opposed to an anti-Christian Science law, much as we are opposed to the Eddy cult. And for this reason: we recognize that unless liberty is guaranteed to every one, irrespective of his or her views, no one is safe. And because we recognize that cardinal principle we declare against any and every attempt to truncate the liberties of any section of the people, and our sympathy is with every movement of resistance to such attempts. "Men," says Goethe somewhere, "are divided by their opinions, but united by the spirit that governs them," and so, no matter how we may differ in opinion we are absolutely at one with all who will assert and maintain at all costs the great elemental liberties of democracy.

Now the most terrible thought that occurs to us in connection with the farreaching "Russification" of this republic, is the slavish indifference of the people themselves. Without being unduly pessimistic it is safe to say that never at any time since the founding of this great nation could the Government do with impunity what it is doing to-day. That great moral enthusiasm, that consuming love of liberty which characterized the life of fifty or even thirty years ago, is no longer evident. Were the people of America fully alive to the importance of these things they would not tolerate them for a single week. Censor Madden would be sent about his business, anti-Anarchist laws would be wiped off the Statute books, and the principle of absolute freedom of speech and of the press contained in the first Amendment to the Constitution would be reaffirmed in no uncertain manner. But, alas! the people are "drunk with pride of power," and do not rebel.

Nor is it alone of official acts we complain in this connection. Behind these official tyrannies is the fact that *the people themselves set the fashion*. When President McKinley was shot by a demented crank, who may or may not have been an Anarchist, we had an object lesson on the tyranny of the mob—of public opinion. Meetings were broken up, speakers who not only had no sympathy with the mad act of Czolgosz, but who were advocating what seemed to them to be the only effectual remedy for the conditions which breed such desperate characters, were mobbed and beaten—in a word the people themselves, to avenge the death of a President, committed a wrong of far greater moment in attacking such freedom as they possessed.

Tolerance—zeal for the fullest possible freedom of utterance for those who are most opposed to us, is a virtue we need to cultivate. Only when we can say that we want no right that is not enjoyed equally by our bitterest enemies can we be said to understand and to honor the true spirit of freedom. Against the stupid blows at liberty of a blind and enraged people, and the cunningly designed attack by the people's enemies, the Socialist Party takes its stand.

S.



What is Poverty?

By Prof. J. WARD STIMSON.

Down in Dahomey's sunny land,
 'Mid social functions on the sand,
 A negro maid without a skirt
 May thrive, as bride, or belle, or flirt;
 And be content—or proud—or rich,
 With a plain girdle clout—or "sich"—
 But in New York's Virginia Reel
 She'd want a skirt—down to her heel;
 She'd feel despised, condemned and poor
 Unless her "train" dragged on the floor!

Now here's the secret of it all
 Since "Adam" (bare) began to "fall."
 Time sets its standards ever higher
 And makes poor Adam's "brow" perspire.
 It is his *brain* begins to suffer
 And prod along each lazy duffer—
 He sees no nudity so great
 As bares a blind and empty *gate*!
 He feels no sting has such keen smart
 As stab a raw uncultured *heart*!

His modern soul is face to face
 With spirit's poverty—disgrace!
 Each hastening hour the lights grow clear
 That "bare" the TRUTH—but "skirts" grow dear!
 The MIND and HEART now know they're "nude,"
 And starve—like body for *their* food.
 They suffer at this cruel lack
 When scorn lays stripes upon their back;
 And cry, with anguish: "Gods and men!
 Come help us up to HEAVEN again!"

Let him who hath this wealth impart
 Which comes from cultured MIND and HEART.
 Full oft he'll find its gentlest growth
 Its gracious sweetness and its worth
 Is hidden in the meekest spots
 While 'mid the rich-of-purse it rots;
 Or stifles in the dark despair
 Amid the world's conventional air.
 Oh greedy, cruel Mammon—when
 Will you grow rich in SPIRIT—then?

Great LIFE that called us from the clod
 And taught the soul its growth in God,
 Show man his place above the brute,
 Grant him to eat of Wisdom's fruit!
 Let not his folly, greed and pride
 From his own path thy Progress hide;
 Nor sink beneath his clothes and food
 The splendor of thy Greatest Good!
 Show him there is no "Poverty"
 So base as INHUMANITY!

The Proletarian Struggle.

By PETER E. BURROWES.

(Suggested by "The Laocoon.")

Nay, not for me, my saving is unrest,
 I may not by the lotus idly sleep.
 I am, oh race, the struggle for thy best;
 Thy hopes alive my writhing muscles keep.
 I lie not down submissive to my ills;
 But rudely rending rise like granite hills.

Tune not for me, oh sirens, your soft reed,
 The urge of fierce resistance fills my brain,
 Around my strength behold the trader's greed,
 A scourge, a poison, parasite and chain.
 Away from me who whisper compromise
 With fangs like these and fiercely blazing eyes.

The lords, at rest, heed not my wound and stain,
 The warp and blindness of my laboring life;
 Priest, sage and poet see the guilty gain
 But cannot blush, so friendless is my strife.
 Who, then, shall give unrest its nourishment
 And crown, with honor, struggling discontent?

They take whate'er our patient lives have wrought,
 They bind our class, these things insatiable;
 They bar us from our age's better thought:
 Then call for patriot silence in our hell.
 Am I a Christ on such a cross to pine?
 Not to submit but to resist is mine.

And still they rise those mouths that must possess
 And now demand my children's tender years.
 The children—shall they curse us for our "yes"?
 Or bless the proletarian volunteers?
 Ho! Once together, yet again, and we
 Shall rend the scorpion chain of wagery.

Sociology,

Being the Fable of the Great Horse "Society."

By PROF. J. STANSBURY NORSE.

Once upon a time there was a horse, great in his day and generation, called "Society." Those who had charge of the horse built for his use a beautiful stall wherein to provide for his comfort, and it was lined within with fragrant cedar, and the sides thereof were of strong oak. But the carpenters, finding themselves short of planed boards, had, unbeknown to their employers, used rough boards for the lining of one side of the stall.

And the builders of the stall said, one to another, for they were wise men :

"Lest it come to pass that 'Society' should become inflated with pride, and should think more highly of himself than he ought to think, let us inscribe upon the sides of the stall words which shall be unto him as admonitions."

And they sent for the sign painters, and directed them to place upon one side of the stall, that is, upon the *near* side thereof, the words :

"Self condemnation preventeth presumption, and cultivates an humble spirit."

And they directed the painters to write upon the opposite side, that is to say, upon the *off* side of the stall, the words :

"Self esteem may become pride, and pride leadeth to destruction."

But for some reason it happened that he who was making the inscription was interrupted in the writing thereof, and the sentence was never completed beyond the two words "Self esteem."

And it came to pass that when the great horse "Society" was placed in the stall he contemplated with immense satisfaction the arrangements that had been made for his comfort. But it was soon noticed by those who administered unto him that he seemed better pleased with the inscription "Self esteem" than with that upon the opposite side of the stall. And they said :

"Go to. This thing should not be. Let us send for the sign painters and have this sentence completed." For they knew that the composers thereof were wise men who had intended to admonish "Society" against self esteem. But through procrastination, the thing was not done. Nor did they perceive that the "Self condemnation" side of the stall was very rough, while the "Self esteem" side was smooth and delightful to lean against. For this reason "Society" found it very pleasant to avoid the first and to enjoy the other.

And "Society" grew fat and waxed strong, and great was his laziness. And in the course of time he became very ugly toward those who labored for him, and the fear of him was great in their hearts, and they could not prevent him from doing those things that it pleased him to do. And as his laziness and viciousness increased, he grew very free with his heels, kicking against all restraint, and leaning always upon "Self esteem," and in every way avoiding "Self condemnation."

Now it came to pass that the wise men of that land, who were of a later day and generation, and who failed to realize the cause of "Society's" degeneracy, wondered greatly what should be done to cure him of the bad habits into which he had fallen. And great was the necessity thereof, because "Society" had become extremely filthy upon his off side, due to his refusing to move away from his beloved "Self esteem" to be curried. But the wise men failed to devise any plan to make him "move over," and though the matter was agitated

among them from time to time, it was invariably dropped because of the stubbornness of "Society" himself, who resented in a very spiteful manner any attempt to change his condition.

And after many days there arose in that land a sect who called themselves Socialists. And the chief aim and object of the Socialists was the reformation of "Society," and many were the experiments which they tried to that end. To accomplish their purpose they met continually at the stall of the animal to discuss the ways and means of carrying out their project.

But, as may be imagined, these attempts on the part of the Socialists were not received with favor by either "Society" or the wise men. The latter laughed to scorn the efforts of those whom they regarded as meddlesome and uneducated individuals, while "Society" did not hesitate to kick very vigorously when they made any attempt to force him to move over. But the Socialists were men of action, and were constant in their efforts to reform the obstinate animal.

Now it chanced that on a certain day there came a Socialist, who said unto his fellows: "Go to, now, this thing is a matter of muscle!" And going boldly into the stall, he seized upon "Society's" near hind foot, and endeavored to drag him away from his self esteem. And when they buried that Socialist, he was in very small bits.

Then there came another, who said unto his fellows: "This is a matter of muscle, but our comrade knew not how to approach 'Society' to make him move over." And he, too, boldly entered the stall, and seized "Society" by the tail, and attempted to pull him toward "Self condemnation." But "Society" stepped on that Socialist, and he was not.

Then came another of the sect, who said to his comrades: "This is a matter of muscle, but the muscle should be reinforced with a lever." And he procured a board, and leaning over the side of the stall, he endeavored to insert it between the flank of the animal and his self esteem. And when "Society" felt the end of the board pressing against his flank, he gave way somewhat, which caused the Socialist to look earnestly upon him; and the sight that he saw, the foulness due to the neglect of many years, made him very sick, and he lost his balance and fell between the horse and his "Self esteem," and was crushed, and his comrades knew him no more.

And the wise men of the land were much annoyed by the persistency of the Socialists, and they tried in many ways to overcome them. And they sneered at them, and persecuted them, and called them many vile names, among which was the name "Anarchists."

[Now the Anarchists were a bloody sect which had also arisen in that land, but they were for killing "Society" outright. And the Socialists were very sore because they were called Anarchists.] But some of the wise men said: "Let them alone. Let's see what good may come from their experiments."

And one of the wise men said unto the others: "We cannot deny that "Society" needs reforming and cleansing. Now let us take the experiments of the Socialists and make therefrom a science by which we may regulate the future of "Society" so that his conduct may be conformable to decency and common sense."

Then spoke one they called Small, who was a great preacher : "The plan is good. We will even do this thing, and to us will

be the glory, for will not the people say that in us dwelleth the wisdom which cometh of education?" And one named Vincent stood by him and held his cloak while he was speaking.

Then stood forth those great in the knowledge of psychology, and they spake thus unto them—unto the wise men, and unto the Socialists who gathered to hear the arguments of the philosophers:

"This thing is an impossibility. No science can be based upon the possible actions of "Society." Such actions are the result of soul impulses. The soul is not quantitative, and cannot be measured. Its impulses cannot be ascertained with a microscope. If we could measure the soul force contained in physical actions we might possibly ascertain the momentum of each of "Society's" kicks, and knowing the momentum, we might calculate the resistance necessary, and upon these facts we *might* predicate a science. But the attempt falls to the ground because you cannot get at the soul of the animal."

Then one Socialist mocked, and said: "It is "Society's heels we are trying to circumvent, *not* his soul."

And another mocked, and said: "Society" has *no* soul. His actions can be controlled—the thing to do is to find the way. Go to, now. Experiment *ye* with "Society," and let us see what will come thereof."

But the wise men said, very hastily: "Not so, not so! Saw ye not how those fared who monkeyed with the animal?"

Then the wise men drew away from the Socialists, saying: "We will have none of these pestilent, unscientific fellows. Let us now call ourselves 'Sociologists,' and let us theorize upon the subject until we can formulate a science for the government of "Society."

But the psychologists raised their voices and mocked, saying: "The soul is not quantitative."

Then said one Socialist to his fellows: "What care we for these philosophers? Come, now, let us try *once more* what we can do." And he and his fellows returned to the stable and stood around about the steed. Then came unto them a man known throughout all that region as a hard-headed and practical man, and one ingenious withal. And he berated his brethren, saying:

"Why stand ye here idle? Why go ye not to work to cleanse 'Society'?"

To whom they replied with one voice, saying: "We fear 'Society's' heels." Then he laughed them to scorn, saying: "Know ye not that the heels but answer the head. Take ye 'Society' by the head, and the thing is done."

And he forthwith proceeded to construct a cunningly devised feed trough for the animal, by which the feed box moved from side to side. And when he had completed the box he filled it with oats and moved it far over to the near side of the stall, so much so that "Society" could not eat therefrom without moving from his beloved "Self esteem," and rubbing against "Self condemnation."

Now while these things were in progress the wise men kept messengers, who ran back and forth and told them of all these experiments. And these exceeding wise men nodded their heads to each other, exclaiming, "Did we not say so?" "Is it not as we said?" and more such remarks. And the psychologists said, "Did we not tell you that no science could be predicated upon soul impulses?" And they all waited with holden breath for the next move of "Society."

Now that animal was also wise in his way. He knew that his having oats depended upon the Socialists, and he felt it in his bones, but *chiefly* in his stomach, that when they deprived him of his oats he *must* "move over." Not without much groaning, and some kicking withal, did he move, but when sore pressed by hunger he gave way and stepped to the other side.

Then said the *Sociologists*, "Is it not as we said, a science can be devised?" and they immediately began to formulate rules.

Then were the *Socialists* very rash in their rejoicing; and thinking they had conquered "Society," they rushed in and began to cleanse him. Whereupon *some* died a violent death.

Then said the hard-headed man once more, "See ye not what fools *ye* are? Bring hither the hose." And they brought it. And he said, "Turn on the water." And they turned it on, a great flood, and washed "Society," and he was clean.

And the *Sociologists* said, one to another, "It is even so, record the rules, 'Society' must be washed with a hose, 'Society' must be deprived of his oats." And many other rules made they for the government of "Society," all based upon the experiments of the Socialists. Are they not written in Sanscrit and Hindooostanee and Choctaw, in the first book of the *Chronicles of Small and Vincent*?

And all the people raised up their voices and praised the *Sociologists*, saying, "Behold the wisdom of the wise men!" And the *Socialists* passed away and were forgotten, and were not, because their work had been accomplished—they had reformed "Society" and had created *Sociology*.

The two Latest Portraits of Tolstoy.



BY THE SHORE OF THE CRIMEAN SEA.



ON HIS COUCH DURING HIS RECENT SICKNESS.

How I Became a Socialist.

V.

By A. M. SIMONS.

The story of the way in which circumstances made a Socialist of me is so like the story of the conscious and unconscious development of a multitude of other young Americans in the Central and Western States, who are just taking up the battle for Socialism, as to present few interesting characteristics.

For more than a century my forefathers have been members of that peculiarly American class, the pioneer. Each generation of them has been driven another stage toward the setting sun. All were of New England or "York State" birth. Even before the American Revolution some of them went "away out West" to the "Genesee country" in New York State. Among the traditions of the family (if proletarian families dare have such things as traditions) are stories of struggles with wolves and Indians in the forests of the "Firelands" and "Connecticut Reserve" of Ohio. Here, as their fathers had done in the old home, they helped to build a society that drove their children further into the wilderness. Among those who went was my grandfather, who, with his household goods in a "prairie schooner," journeyed on through Indiana and Illinois into Minnesota. Here my father, in his turn, suffered the horrors of Indian massacre and prairie blizzard to secure that access to the earth which an eastern capitalism had denied him.

At this point the story changes. Before my generation was mustered into this mighty army of fleeing, conquering pioneers that army had reached its final camping ground. The frontier, that strangely illusive dawn, ever glimmering just in advance of the blinding glare of capitalism (or was it rather the twilight of the freedom of nature preceding the black night of capitalism) ere the coming of the glorious free day of the co-operative commonwealth?; whatever may be its place in history, the frontier had well nigh disappeared ere a propertiless birth enlisted me in the great army of labor.

Hence it happened that my parents had turned back toward the East, searching for the little isles of free land left unsubmerged by the first great rushing flood of capitalism, and I first saw the light in a log house in the midst of a forest in Central Wisconsin. Before I grew to manhood I had seen my great forest playground melt away before the settler's axe, and all the land and means of life had become the private property of those who had been so wise as to get themselves born into an earlier economic stage.

The "West" to which my parents and grandparents had fled to escape oppressive economic conditions was gone. It was but natural, almost inevitable, that I should become a rebel against the social institutions supporting those economic con-

ditions. That my rebellion took the conscious intelligent form of Socialism is little more credit to me than that I was born under the conditions I have described.

As a boy I read over and over again the few books within my reach. But none of these taught rebellion; all were of the most orthodox type. But the long days in the midst of the forest solitude filled me with the spirit of freedom, and inspired in me a lasting hatred of any form of restraint on human liberty.

Two of my four years in the University of Wisconsin were given up to special work in economics and American history. From Dr. Richard T. Ely I gained a fairly thorough academic knowledge of Socialist literature, and, what was much more

important, a critical and inquiring attitude toward economic phenomena and doctrines; while Professor Frederick J. Turner indelibly impressed upon my mind that in America at least history is but the story of the struggles of economic classes. Whether they care for the testimonial or not, it is nevertheless true that on the intellectual side these two men had more to do with my becoming a Socialist than any other forces with which I came in contact. It was not, however, until I had left the university, and other facts had been impressed upon me, that I realized the true tendencies of their teachings, and their relation to the great problems of modern society.

Like nine-tenths of those who go through a modern university, I came out little more than a composite picture of the various books and professors with whom I had come in contact. I was "radical" to the extent of believing in the nationalization and municipalization of "natural monopolies." I believed in a rather thorough going scheme of "social legislation," much as is now embraced in the "immediate demands" of many Socialist parties.

Of the actual philosophy of Socialism I had not the least conception. It had been taught me simply as a scheme of administering industry; and as I look back at it now my academic knowledge of Socialism was the least valuable of all the things I learned in college in helping me to understand Socialism, or become a Socialist.

From the university I went at once into the work of the Associated Charities of Cincinnati. Here, for the first time, I came in close contact with the horrors of a city slum. Poverty I had always known, and often experienced. But here I first saw the terrible difference between the elemental poverty of the frontier—the poverty that comes from the battle with Nature at first hand—and the poverty of capitalism, the



A. M. SIMONS.

ghastly misery that flows from the crushing cruelty of monopolized opportunity.

The poverty of my childhood was as different from the hopeless suffering amid which I now found myself as the clear blue air, boundless forest, and leafy mold of my boyhood surroundings differed from the filth-laden, smoke cloud, narrow, crooked alleys, and foul gutter slime that make up the world of the city toiler.

From Cincinnati I was soon called to Chicago to take charge of the Stock Yards District of the Bureau of Charities. Here human misery and intense suffering were brought in sharp contrast with the marvelous productive capacity of the largest industrial establishment in the world. Day after day, and often far into the night, I sought means to alleviate human distress, while ever above my head hung a great black cloud of smoke, calling attention to the tremendous mechanical forces capable of relieving all distress were it not for the social institutions that stood between these forces and the workers. The terrible winters of 1895-6-7, with their vast unemployed armies, which I vainly sought to relieve through "charity," impressed upon me with tremendous emphasis some hitherto unseen phases of our present social organization.

My old patchwork philosophy began to pass away. But I gave it up slowly. Three years of continuous residence in "Social Settlements" brought me in contact with nearly all the social reformers and philanthropic fanatics in America. Everywhere the hopeless helplessness of charity and all tinker-

ing social schemes to do more than play with and aggravate the problems with which they concerned themselves was impressed upon me.

Finally I attended a week's session of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, with the hope that I might somehow find an explanation of the difficulties that had piled up before me during these years. But when I heard only the most utter superficiality, not to mention ignorance and stupidity, displayed regarding the subjects upon which the speakers were supposed to be "authorities," I came away disgusted with the whole business. I left the last session of this Conference at Grand Rapids, Michigan, with the declaration that from that minute I would cast in my lot with the Socialist cause, and I have kept my word.

A wholly new point of view concerning Socialism had come to me. Hitherto it had been to me but a plan or scheme of social readjustment, to be adopted or rejected, or compared with other social schemes. I now saw it as a tremendous philosophy of social evolution, based on the struggle of economic classes, and capable of foretelling future social stages.

On my return to Chicago I at once hunted up a branch of what was then the Socialist Labor Party, and became a member. That membership was but the conscious recognition of the fact, which had always existed, but which I had hitherto not perceived, that my interests as a man, as a laborer, and as a member of society, are bound up in the struggle of the proletariat for political victory; and until that victory is attained, my strength is dedicated to the cause of Socialism.

News from Nowhere. *

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

CONCERNING GOVERNMENT.

"Now," said I, "I have come to the point of asking questions which I suppose will be dry for you to answer and difficult for you to explain; but I have foreseen for some time past that I must ask them, will I 'nill I. What kind of government have you? Has republicanism finally triumphed? or have you come to a mere dictatorship, which some persons in the nineteenth century used to prophesy as the ultimate outcome of the democracy? Indeed, this last question does not seem so very unreasonable, since you have turned your Parliament House into a dung-market. Or where do you house your present Parliament?"

The old man answered my smile with a hearty laugh, and said: "Well, well, dung is not the worst kind of corruption; fertility may come of that, whereas mere dearth came from the other kind, of which those walls once held the great supporters. Now, dear guest, let me tell you that our present parliament would be hard to house in one place, because the whole people is our parliament."

"I don't understand," said I.

"No, I suppose not," said he. "I must now shock you by telling you that we have no longer anything which you, a native of another planet, would call a government."

"I am not so much shocked as you might think," said I, "as I know something about governments. But tell me, how

do you manage, and how have you come to this state of things?"

Said he: "It is true that we have to make some arrangements about our affairs, concerning which you can ask presently; and it is also true that everybody does not always agree with the details of these arrangements; but, further, it is true that a man no more needs an elaborate system of government, with its army, navy, and police, to force him to give way to the will of the majority of his *equals*, than he wants a similar machinery to make him understand that his head and a stone wall cannot occupy the same space at the same moment. Do you want further explanation?"

"Well, yes, I do," quoth I.

Old Hammond settled himself in his chair with a look of enjoyment which rather alarmed me, and made me dread a scientific disquisition: so I sighed and abided. He said:

"I suppose you know pretty well what the process of government was in the bad old times?"

"I am supposed to know," said I.

(Hammond) What was the government of those days? Was it really the Parliament or any part of it?

(I) No.

(H.) Was not the Parliament on the one side a kind of watch-committee sitting to see that the interests of the Upper Classes took no hurt; and on the other side a sort of blind to delude the people into supposing that they had some share in the management of their own affairs?

(I) History seems to show us this.

THE COMRADE

(H.) To what extent did the people manage their own affairs?

(I) I judge from what I have heard that sometimes they forced the Parliament to make a law to legalize some alteration which had already taken place.

(H.) Anything else?

(I) I think not. As I am informed if the people made any attempt to deal with the *cause* of their grievances, the law stepped in and said, this is sedition, revolt, or what not, and slew or tortured the ringleaders of such attempts.

(H.) If Parliament was not the government then, nor the people either, what was the government?

(I) Can you tell me?

(H.) I think we shall not be far wrong if we say that government was the Law Courts, backed up by the executive, which handled the brute force that the deluded people allowed them to use for their own purposes; I mean the army, navy, and police.

(I) Reasonable men must needs think you are right.

(H.) Now as to the Law-Courts. Were they places of fair dealing according to the ideas of the day? Had a poor man a good chance of defending his property and person in them?

(I) It is a commonplace that even rich men looked upon a law-suit as a dire misfortune, even if they gained the case; and as for a poor one—why, it was considered a miracle of justice and beneficence if a poor man who had once got into the clutches of the law escaped prison or utter ruin.

(H.) It seems, then, my son, that the government by law-courts and police, which was the real government of the nineteenth century, was not a great success even to the people of that day, living under a class system which proclaimed inequality and poverty as the law of God and the bond which held the world together.

(I) So it seems, indeed.

(H.) And now that all this is changed, and the "rights of property," which mean the clenching the fist on a piece of goods and crying out to the neighbors, You shan't have this!—now that all this has disappeared so utterly that it is no longer possible even to jest upon its absurdity, is such a Government possible?

(I) It is impossible.

(H.) Yes, happily. But for what other purpose than the protection of the rich from the poor, the strong from the weak, did this Government exist?

(I) I have heard that it was said that their office was to defend their own citizens against attack from other countries.

(H.) It was said; but was anyone expected to believe this? For instance, did the English Government defend the English citizen against the French?

(I) So it was said.

(H.) Then if the French had invaded England and conquered it, they would not have allowed the English workmen to live well?

(I, laughing) As far as I can make out, the English masters of the English workmen saw to that; they took from their workmen as much of their livelihood as they dared, because they wanted it for themselves.

(H.) But if the French had conquered, would they not have taken more still from the English workmen?

(I) I do not think so; for in that case the English workmen would have died of starvation; and then the French conquest would have ruined the French, just as if the English horses and cattle had died of underfeeding. So that after all, the English workmen would have been no worse off for the conquest: their French masters could have got no more from them than their English masters did.

(H.) This is true; and we may admit that the pretensions of the government to defend the poor (*i. e.*, the useful) peo-

ple against other countries come to nothing. But that is but natural; for we have seen already that it was the function of government to protect the rich against the poor. But did not the government defend its rich men against other nations?

(I) I do not remember to have heard that the rich needed defense; because it is said that even when two nations were at war, the rich men of each nation gambled with each other pretty much as usual, and even sold each other weapons whereby to kill their own countrymen.

(H.) In short it comes to this, that whereas the so-called government of protection of property by means of the law-courts meant destruction of wealth, this defense of the citizens of one country against those of another country by means of war or the threat of war meant pretty much the same thing.

(I) I cannot deny it.

(H.) Therefore the government really existed for the destruction of wealth?

(I) So it seems. And yet—

(H.) Yet what?

(I) There were many rich people in those times.

(H.) You see the consequences of that fact?

(I) I think I do. But tell me out what they were

(H.) If the government habitually destroyed wealth, the country must have been poor?

(I) Yes, certainly.

(H.) Yet amidst this poverty the persons for the sake of whom the government existed insisted on being rich whatever might happen?

(I) So it was.

(H.) What must happen if in a poor country some people insist on being rich at the expense of the others?

(I) Utterable poverty for the others. All this misery, then, was caused by the destructive government of which we have been speaking?

(H.) Nay, it would be incorrect to say so. The government itself was but the necessary result of the careless, aimless tyranny of the times; it was but the machinery of tyranny. Now tyranny has come to an end, and we no longer need such machinery; we could not possibly use it since we are free. Therefore in your sense of the word we have no government. Do you understand this now?

(I) Yes, I do. But I will ask you some more questions as to how you as free men manage your affairs.

(H.) With all my heart. Ask away.

CHAPTER XII.

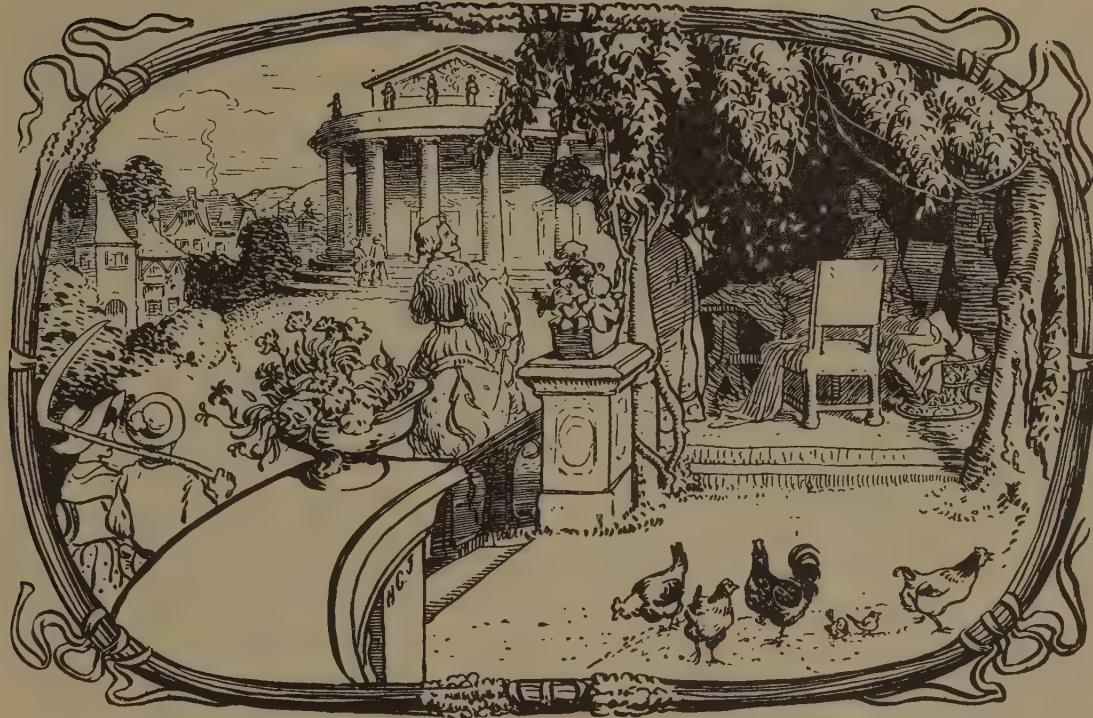
CONCERNING THE ARRANGEMENT OF LIFE.

"Well," I said, "about those 'arrangements' which you spoke of as taking the place of government, could you give me any account of them?"

"Neighbor," he said, "although we have simplified our lives a great deal from what they were, and have got rid of many conventionalities and many sham wants, which used to give our forefathers much trouble, yet our life is too complex for me to tell you in detail by means of words how it is arranged; you must find that out by living amongst us. It is true that I can better tell you what we don't do, than what we do do."

"Well?" said I.

"This is the way to put it," said he: "We have been living for a hundred and fifty years, at least, more or less in our present manner, and a tradition or habit of life has been growing on us; and that habit has become a habit of acting on the whole for the best. It is easy for us to live without robbing each other. It would be possible for us to contend with and rob each other, but it would be harder for us than refraining from strife and robbery. That is in short the foundation of our life and our happiness."



Illustrations by H. G. Jentzsch.

"Whereas in the old days," said I, "it was very hard to live without strife and robbery. That's what you mean, isn't it, by giving me the negative side of your good conditions?"

"Yes," he said, "it was so hard, but those who habitually acted fairly to their neighbors were celebrated as saints and heroes, and were looked up to with the greatest reverence."

"While they were alive?" said I.

"No," said he, "after they were dead."

"But as to these days," I said; "you don't mean to tell me that no one ever transgresses this habit of good fellowship?"

"Certainly not," said Hammond, "but when the transgressions occur, everybody, transgressors and all, know them for what they are; the errors of friends, not the habitual actions of persons driven into enmity against society."

"I see," said I; "you mean that you have no 'criminal classes.'"

"How could we have them," said he, "since there is no rich class to breed enemies against the state by means of the injustice of the state?"

Said I: "I thought that I understood from something that fell from you a little while ago that you had abolished civil law. Is that so, literally?"

"It abolished itself, my friend," said he. "As I said before, the civil law courts were upheld for the defense of private property; for nobody ever pretended that it was possible to make people act fairly to each other by means of brute force. Well, private property being abolished, all the laws and all the legal 'crimes' which it had manufactured of course came to an end. Thou shalt not steal, had to be translated into, Thou shalt work in order to live happily. Is there any need to enforce that commandment by violence?"

"Well," said I, "that is understood, and I agree with it; but how about crimes of violence? would not their occurrence (and you admit that they occur) make criminal law necessary?"

Said he: "In your sense of the word, we have no criminal law either. Let us look at the matter closer, and see whence crimes of violence spring. By far the greater part of these in past days were the result of the laws of private property, which forbade the satisfaction of their natural desires to all but a privileged few, and of the general visible coercion which came of those laws. All that cause of violent crime is gone. Again, many violent acts came from the artificial perversion of the sexual passions, which caused over-weaning jealousy and the like miseries. Now, when you look carefully into these, you will find that what lay at the bottom of them was mostly the idea (a law-made idea) of the woman being the property of the man, whether he were husband, father, brother, or what not. *That* idea has of course vanished with private property, as well as certain follies about the 'ruin' of women for following their natural desires in an illegal way, which, of course, was a convention caused by the laws of private property.

"Another cognate cause of crimes of violence was the family tyranny, which was the subject of so many novels and stories of the past, and which once more was the result of private property. Of course, that is all ended, since families are held together by no bond of coercion, legal or social, but by mutual liking and affection, and everybody is free to come or go as he or she pleases. Furthermore, our standards of honor and public estimation are very different from the old ones; success in besting our neighbors is a road to renown now closed, let us hope forever. Each man is free to exercise his special faculty to the utmost, and every one encourages him in so doing. So that we

THE COMRADE

have got rid of the scowling envy, coupled by the poets with hatred, and surely with good reason; heaps of unhappiness and ill-blood were caused by it, which with irritable and passionate men—*i. e.*, energetic and active, men—often led to violence."

I laughed, and said: "So that you now withdraw your admission, and say that there is no violence amongst you?"

"No," said he, "I withdraw nothing; as I told you, such things will happen. Hot blood will err sometimes. A man may strike another, and the stricken strike back again, and the result be a homicide, to put it at the worst. But what then? Shall we, the neighbors, make it worse still? Shall we think so poorly of each other as to suppose that the slain man calls on us to revenge him, when we *know* that if he had been maimed he would, when in cold blood, and able to weigh all the circumstances, have forgiven his maimer? Or will the death of the slayer bring the slain man to life again, and cure the unhappiness his loss has caused?"

"Yes," I said, "but consider, must not the safety of society be safeguarded by some punishment?"

"There, neighbor!" said the old man, with some exultation, "you have hit the mark. That *punishment* of which men used to talk so wisely, and act so foolishly, what was it but the expression of their fear? And they had need to fear, since *they*—*i. e.*, the rulers of society—were dwelling like an armed band in a hostile country. But we who live among our friends need neither fear nor punish. Surely if we, in dread of an occasional rare homicide, an occasional rough blow, were solemnly and legally to commit homicide and violence, we could only be a society of ferocious cowards. Don't you think so, neighbor?"

"Yes, I do, when I come to think of it from that side," said I.

"Yet you must understand," said the old man, "that when any violence is committed we expect the transgressor to make any atonement possible to him, and he himself expects it. But again, think if the destruction or serious injury of a man momentarily overcome by wrath or folly can be any atonement to the commonwealth? Surely it can only be an additional injury to it."

Said I: "But suppose the man has a habit of violence—kills a man a year, for instance?"

"Such a thing is unknown," said he. "In a society where there is no punishment to evade, no law to triumph over, remorse will certainly follow transgression."

"And lesser outbreaks of violence," said I, "how do you deal with them? for hitherto we have been talking of great tragedies, I suppose?"

Said Hammond: "If the ill-doer is not sick or mad (in which case he must be restrained until his sickness or madness is cured) it is clear that grief and humiliation must follow the ill-deed; and society in general will make that pretty clear to the ill-doer if he should chance to be dull to it; and again, some kind of atonement will follow—at the least, an open acknowledgement of the grief and humiliation. Is it so hard to say, 'I ask your pardon, neighbor?' Well, sometimes it is hard—and let it be."

"You think that enough?" said I.

"Yes," said he; "and moreover, it is all that we *can* do. If, in addition, we torture the man, we turn his grief into anger, and the humiliation he would otherwise feel for *his* wrongdoing is swallowed up by a hope of revenge for *our* wrongdoing to him. He has paid the legal penalty, and can 'go and sin again' with comfort. Shall we commit such a folly, then? Remember, Jesus had got the legal penalty remitted before he said 'Go, and sin no more.' Let alone that in a society of equals you will not find anyone to play the part of torturer or jailer, though many to act as nurse or doctor."

"So," said I, "you consider crime a mere spasmodic disease, which requires no body of criminal law to deal with it?"

"Pretty much so," said he; "and since, as I have told you,

we are a healthy people generally, so we are not likely to be much troubled with *this* disease."

"Well, you have no civil law, and no criminal law. But have you no laws of the market, so to say—no regulation for the exchange of wares, for you must exchange, even if you have no property?"

Said he: "We have no obvious individual exchange, as you saw this morning, when you went a-shopping; but, of course, there are regulations of the markets, varying according to the circumstances, and guided by general custom. But as these are matters of general assent, which nobody dreams of objecting to, so also we have made no provision for enforcing them; therefore I don't call them laws. In law, whether it be criminal or civil, execution always follows judgment, and someone must suffer. When you see the judge on his bench, you see through him, as clearly as if he were made of glass, the policeman to imprison, and the soldier to slay some actual living person. Such follies would make an agreeable market, wouldn't they?"

"Certainly," said I, "that means turning the market into a mere battlefield, in which many people must suffer as much as in the battlefield of bullet and bayonet. And from what I have seen I should suppose that your marketing, great and little, is carried on in a way that makes it a pleasant occupation."

"You are right, neighbor," said he. "Although there are so many, indeed by far the greater number among us, who would be unhappy if they were not engaged in actually making things, and things which turn out beautiful under their hands—there are many, like the housekeepers I was speaking of, whose delight is in administration and organization, to use long-tailed words; I mean people who like keeping things together, avoiding waste, seeing that nothing sticks fast uselessly. Such people are thoroughly happy in their business, all the more as they are dealing with actual facts, and not merely passing counters around to see what share they shall have in the privileged taxation of useful people, which was the business of the commercial folk in past days. Well, what are you going to ask me next?"

(To be continued.)



WHAT THE MINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA VOTED FOR.

Trade Unionism, Wise and Otherwise.

There are two kinds of trade unionism and two kinds of trade unionists.

There is a trade unionism that is wise and a trade unionism that is unwise: there are trade unionists who are wise and others who are not wise.

The trade unionism that is unwise is founded upon the principle that in union lies strength just as the trade unionism that is wise and useful: the trade unionist who is not wise carries his card fully paid up; wears his union button and buys only union-made goods, and the union man who is wise also does these things.

Where, then, is the difference?

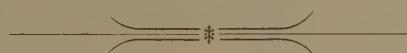
The trade unionism that is unwise says: "There must be no politics in the union." Under the order of "good and welfare" you can discuss any subject almost except how you ought to vote: the trade unionism that is wise and useful does not try to exclude politics. On the contrary, it says that however regularly a man may pay his dues, and attend meetings; and however persistent he may be in buying only goods which bear the union label, he is not a good union man if he does not *vote* for labor. These things must all go together. The union man who is not wise thinks that it

is all right to vote for a capitalist to be governor or mayor though he would not trust him to be sergeant-at-arms in the union: the union man who is wise thinks that is "scabbing" in the most dangerous way possible. The trade unionism that is unwise says: "It is no business of the union who a member votes for," and then, when the election is over, because it is opposed to certain laws or desires certain other laws to be enacted, it sends, at great expense, delegates to the State Legislature, or to Washington, to oppose the laws it does not want and *beg* for those laws it does want. Nine times out of every ten the law they don't want is enacted and the law they do want is not enacted. If it is enacted the judges soon declare it to be *unconstitutional*, as in the case of the "Dressed Stone Law," which the unions of New York State got placed on the statute book at great trouble and expense, only to have it wiped out by capitalist judges. The trade unionism that is wise and useful says: "The matter is really very simple. The workingmen of this State, and of the Nation, are an enormous majority at the polls. If we want 'Labor laws' let us elect men from among ourselves who will not

require us to beg them to enact such laws—men whose interests are ours instead of being opposed to ours."

The trade unionism that is unwise sees its efforts to prevent the enactment of unjust laws and to secure the enactment of satisfactory laws prove abortive time after time; it sees how readily capitalist judges declare any Labor law "*unconstitutional*," or grant injunctions that harass and injure the unions; it sees how ready capitalist governors and mayors are, in time of strike, to send troops and policemen to oppress the strikers and to break up the strike; yet, it continues its foolish and suicidal policy. The union man who is not wise still pays his money into the union to promote the interests of labor and uses his vote against the interest of labor. The trade unionism that is wise and useful says we must use our votes so that we ourselves may control the forces of government, and use them to bring about the ownership of the wealth of the world by the workers who create it. That is Socialism, and the union man who is wise is also a Socialist.

To which class do you belong?



Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

V.



FRED. McINTOSH,
Socialist Candidate for Mayor,
Newark, N. J.



JULES MAGNETTE,
Socialist Candidate for Sheriff,
Essex County, N. J.



CHAS. UFERT,
Socialist Speaker and Agitator,
West Hoboken, N. J.



CHRIS. J. TURNER,
Active Socialist and Trade-Unionist,
East Orange, N. J.

Views and Reviews.

Whatever we may think of the English Fabian Society, and however we may deplore its political methods, we must cheerfully admit that individual members of the society have rendered great and valuable service to the cause of Socialism by their careful and patient researches in various important matters. Leaving aside George Bernard Shaw, whose libels upon the Socialist movement in England and elsewhere we excuse, or at least tolerate, by saying, "Tis only Shaw," we are bound to admire the work done by Galton and Wallas, and, above all, by the two Webbs. Sidney Webb the "economist" is a joke, even if a somewhat poor one, while Sidney Webb the politician is a sorry failure. Still Webb has done admirable work, and had he never written another line, the "History of Trade Unionism," which he wrote in collaboration with his wife—who, as Miss Potter, did much excellent independent work—would be sufficient to ensure for him lasting fame and honor as the first to write a serious, comprehensive and reliable history of the modern trade union movement. We do not forget, nor minimize the value of Mr. George Howell's "Trade Unionism New and Old" and "Conflicts of Capital and Labor," in thus describing the work of Mr. and Mrs. Webb. For admirable as these works by Mr. Howell are, they cannot for a moment compare with it in scope, thoroughness of detail, and, what is highly important, in the placing of facts in their true perspective.

This history of trade unionism has had, we are glad to see, a sufficiently large sale since its publication, some eight years ago, to justify its reissue at a more popular price. No attempt has been made to rewrite the book, or to bring it down to date, except in so far as a special introduction of some thirty odd pages may be said to fulfill that requirement. Into those thirty odd pages the authors have characteristically crowded an unusual amount of varied and valuable information, which makes this edition of 1902 of even greater value than the first. Especially interesting are the figures which indicate the recent growth of the trade unions in England. Thus we find that where there was a decline in the number of members from 1,502,358 in 1892—an exceptionally prosperous year for the unions—to 1,487,836 in 1895, the total has steadily risen since that time, that for 1900 reaching 1,905,116, the highest ever recorded. Taking the entire period of eight years, we have an increase of nearly 27 per cent. upon a total that was already high. Looking at the figures in detail, we find that trade unionism is on the increase among coal miners, cotton operatives, workers in the building trades, railway workers, engineers, and those engaged in various shipbuilding industries; but on the decline among agricultural laborers, sailors and fishermen, workers in the clothing trades, and "unskilled" workers generally. Trade unionism does not make any great progress among women workers. In 1892 there were about 100,000 women workers in the various unions. In 1900 the number had risen to 122,047. But the increase was almost entirely confined to the textile trades. Outside the textile trades the trade union membership among women has remained about stationary, the number for 1900 being 13,065. It is significant that among the "unskilled" workers' unions the only one to show an increased membership is the Gasworkers' and General Laborers' Union, which increased its membership from 36,000 in 1892 to 48,000 in 1900. The significance of this increase will be best understood when it is remembered that this union is largely socialistic

in character. It was formed by Socialists (Eleanor Marx and Dr. Edward Aveling being leading spirits in the movement); it has from the first been led by a Socialist, our comrade, Will Thorne, who was one of the fraternal delegates to the A. F. of L. convention a few years ago; and it continually votes money to support Socialist candidates.

Referring to the decisions rendered in the famous Taff Vale Railway case, and other similar cases, pronounced by the House of Lords, the writers predict that it will have the effect of driving the workers into active politics, just as adverse decisions did in 1867-71. Of this, they believe, signs are not wanting. Along political lines the authors, with the true Fabian instinct, hope for some measure of compulsory arbitration. Although there is not quite the same unanimity against this proposal in England that characterizes the labor movement in this country, there is an overwhelming body of feeling against it, and no immediate fear of its being adopted. Moreover, the experience of New Zealand is doing much to discredit the measure.

Although this work is confined to the history of trade unionism in Great Britain, it will be found valuable, and full of suggestion in this or any industrially developed country, as the translations of it into other languages prove. Meantime, we can only regret that we have no such history of the American trade union movement, and that the A. F. of L. has done much to postpone the appearance of such a work by giving official endorsement to a hideous caricature resembling a school boy's essay, rather than a serious attempt to tell the story of a great movement.

In closing this notice of a remarkable work, which should be carefully studied by every Socialist, we take occasion to say that those who take it for granted, and who teach others, that the modern trade union is but a development of the medieval guild, should carefully read the evidences of a contrary view here presented.

The Alwil Press, to the general excellence of whose work we have previously referred, issue a series of notable little poems from time to time in excellent style. One of the most charming bits of work at the price that we have seen for a long time is their edition of "Dream Rest," a little verse phantasy by Elbert Willard Fowler. It is a dainty little booklet in vellum wrapper, with an illustration by Belle Silveira, and an illuminated title page and initial, probably the work of Frank B. Rae, Jr. Only one hundred numbered copies have been printed, and it forms a very desirable addition to any book lover's library. The poem itself possesses a charm and a sweetness that make it entirely worthy its graceful setting.

"Britain for the British" is the rather unfortunate title of Robert Blatchford's latest book, which bears the imprint of Charles H. Kerr and Company, of Chicago. The title is unfortunate because it smacks not a little of jingoism, and the American edition is not improved by the addition (on the cover only, for some reason) of a sub-title, or perhaps it is better to say, "alternate title," "America for the Americans." The book is written in the same homely style that made "Merrie England" such an enormous success, and is addressed to the same typical British working man, John Smith. Like its precursor, too, this latest work from "Nunquam's" virile pen is characterized by a good deal of lamentably loose thinking, and it may be doubted whether its circulation is likely to help the American

Socialist movement very much. As a sample of confused thought and slipshod reasoning, the chapter entitled "What is Wealth?" would be hard to beat. The average man will be astounded by the unqualified statement that "Land is not wealth," and the Socialist student of political economy will be inclined to say unkind things of the definition of capital given, "Capital is only another word for stores," we are told. "Capital is any tools, machinery or other stores used in producing wealth. Capital is any food, fuel, shelter, clothing supplied to those engaged in producing wealth." Coming to details, we are told that the weapon of the hunter is "capital," that the spade of the navvy is "capital," and that the few things our old friend Robinson Crusoe took from the wreck, arms, food and tools, were his "capital," no mention being made of *Man Friday*. Truly, so far as "Nunquam" is concerned, Marx lived in vain! He does not grasp, nor even suspect, that "capital is not a thing, but a social relation between persons, a relation established through the medium of things," and that "means of production and subsistence become capital only when they are used as means of exploiting and dominating labor." For "Nunquam" the man, and for "Nunquam," the creator of "Julie" and "Tommy Atkins," and "A Son of the Forge," the "Nunquam" that wrote "Fantasies," and "Tales for the Marines," we have unbounded admiration, and not a little love; but for the "Nunquam" of political economy we have a feeling rather akin to pity.

Nor do we like the chapter entitled "Today's Work." There is no wisdom in saying to the workers, either here or in England, as Blatchford does, "I do not ask you to found (does he mean 'join?') a Socialist party. I do not think the workers are ready for it," and then advocating "Labor Parties" as a "step." The query presents itself to our minds, will not this book be likely, if largely circulated, to lead the workers who are influenced by it into supporting sham "Union Labor Parties" like that at San Francisco, for example, rather than the Socialist Party?

In spite of our sincere admiration of "Nunquam" and his work, we think "Britain for the British" a foolish book, and we cannot help expressing our regret that our friend, A. M. Simons, did not extend his very suggestive little two-page "appendix" into a more exhaustive *expose* of its principal fallacies. As if to complete our wearied plaint, we are bound to add that typographical errors are numerous in the book, and that it is printed upon abominable paper.

From the press of William S. Lord, of Evanston, Ill., comes another delightful little volume of whimsical verse, by Bert Leston Taylor, whose clever satire upon Elbert Hubbard, "The Billiousine," was reviewed in these columns. Under the title of "Line O'Type Lyrics" many of the somewhat grotesque parodies in verse which first delighted the readers of the Chicago *Tribune* have been gathered together. Altogether it is excellent fooling, and, like all the work of Mr. Lord, the volume is very daintily gotten up, a remark that applies equally to the selection of "Love Story Masterpieces," which have been gathered together by Ralph A. Lyon. The passages chosen are familiar enough—chapters from George Meredith, R. L. Stevenson, "Ik Marvel" and Oliver Wendell Holmes—and we are not sure that a better selection might not be easily made, but for the typographical excellence of the book, and its general appearance of quiet beauty, we have nothing but enthusiastic praise. J. S.

The Boer Fight for Freedom.

In "The Boer Fight for Freedom" the Funk & Wagnalls Company, of New York and London, have issued a volume of timely interest. Its author, Michael Davitt, the well-known Irish agitator, was formerly a member of the British House of Commons, from which he resigned in October, 1899, as a personal and political protest against a war which he believed to be "the greatest infamy of the nineteenth century." Soon after resigning his position, Mr. Davitt proceeded to the seat of the war, where he was in constant personal association with the most noted Boer generals, and his book is the only adequate account of the war from their standpoint.

Viewed as a history it cannot be regarded as a very great success, the author's strong bias in favor of the Boers, and against everything British, tending to destroy the reader's confidence. Yet the book possesses great value to the student and to the general reader as containing the account of the brave, but vanquished Boers themselves.

It is a well printed volume of more than 600 pages, and is copiously illustrated. The cover is of a rich orange color, blocked with green—symbolical, by the way, of a much to be desired, but apparently far off Irish Unity. That, however, was presumably not the intention of the publishers, the colors being predominant in the standards of the two subjugated republics.



MICHAEL DAVITT.

Books Received.

"The Boer Fight for Freedom," by Michael Davitt. Cloth; pages 12-603; price, \$2 net. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"Line O'Type Lyrics," by Bert Lester Taylor. Boards, pages 59; price, 50 cents. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

"Love Story Masterpieces," chosen by Ralph A. Lyon. Boards, pages 174; price, \$1 net. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

"The History of Trade Unionism," by Sidney & Beatrice Webb. New edition; cloth; pages 24-558; price, \$2.60. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.

"Britain for the British," by Robert Blatchford. Cloth; pages 177; price, 50 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"Dream Rest," a verse phantasy, by Egbert Willard Fowler. Limited edition, with velvet wrapper; price, \$1 net. The Alwil Press, Ridgewood, N. J.

Come, Brother, Come.

There are fruits to be gathered in the gardens of the gods.

Come, brother, come!

There are sheaves to be garnered, there are grapes to be trod.

Come, brother, come!

Rich are the treasures in the land of our desire.

Sweet are the pleasures to which our hearts aspire.

Under the willows we build our evening fire.

Come, brother, come!

Freemen and bold do we march by the way.

Come, brother, come!

Dauntless we journey in the light of the day.

Come, brother, come!

Green are the fields in the land we shall gain;

Fair are the hillsides and fertile the plain;

Sweet are its waters, and golden its grain.

Come, brother, come!

The hands that can pluck are the hands that shall hold.

Come, brother, come!

Ours for the taking are the silver and gold.

Come, brother, come!

Long in that land of delight will we stay;

'Mid its green meadows our children shall play.

Gaily we travel, and we sing by the way.

Come, brother, come!

JOSEPHINE R. COLE.

A Question.

Great Emperor thrice snatched from hungry death,
Whose perils held in grief thine Empire's every part;
When didst thou spare one sympathetic breath
For India in peril—famine-struck at heart?

J. SPARGO.



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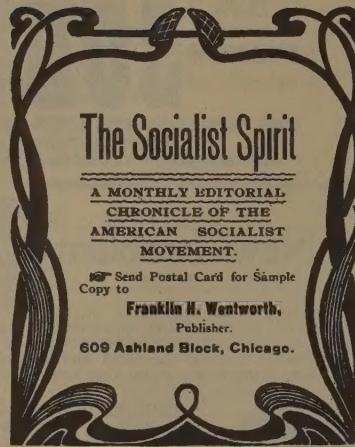
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